

Say She Wanna Fuck Me Later

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Say She Wanna Fuck Me Later

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

“And did you hear what he called them?” Sapnap asked, eyes meeting George’s as he whimpered around the plastic that I was quickly fucking in and out of his throat, “Fuckin’ mommy? God hes such a slut.”

OR

George gets ruined, sapnap has a breeding kink and dream is a fucking brat

Notes

This is literally just pure porn. Like there is pretty much zero plot. Pegging, mommy kink and breeding kink go brrr.

As usual, beta read by the lovely blackberry. check out their [tiktok](#), [ao3](#) and [twitter](#)

Dream is a brat and I take no criticism. Don't be a cunt in the comments and stop calling me girlie it makes me instantly dislike you. I am not a girl please and thanks x

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Bets were never fun unless you knew you were gonna win, and I *knew* I was gonna fucking win.

Of course I was. A bet against George, especially one where the resultant was dominating the other, was never one that I intended on losing.

“Out of ten?” I asked, watching as George's player crouched and uncrouched repeatedly and hearing him hum in agreement.

“Actually,” Sapnap butted in over the call, the smirk on his face audible, “You can't get a best out of ten, only out of nine and eleven.”

“Shut up,” I laughed quietly, telling George the items we'd both need before having Dream count down to the start of the first battle.

“God, I *really* hope you lose George,” Sapnap laughed, the blonde shushing him before resuming his countdown to ‘*The Most Epic PVP Battle In History*’, as he had kindly put it.

Yelling, angry words and screamed curses, but like I said, bets were never fun unless you knew you were gonna win.

6:4 to me.

It was close, but he never had a chance.

“You’ve got to be fucking joking,” George whispered as he leant back in his chair, Dream and Sap cheering while I just let myself breathe. I could feel my heart racing at his complaints as the other two boys in the call poked fun at him.

“Oh, I’m *definitely* pegging you,” I breathed as the oldest boy went silent, Sapnap only muttering a quiet ‘*oh fuck*,’ under his breath while Dream chuckled in amusement, “There is no way I’m letting this opportunity go to waste.”

“There is no way you’re fucking me,” George whispered, his voice cracking slightly as his mind produced an image of what it would be like, head pushed into the mattress as he begged for more. He shook away the thought before continuing, “Absolutely not.”

“Awh but Georgie,” I pouted, trying not to crack a smile, “You lost the bet.”

“Fuck,” He groaned, the sound of his head hitting his desk ringing out over the call.

“Look,” I started, feeling slightly bad at his reaction, “If you don’t wanna do it I can just stick with something else. I wouldn’t wanna force yo-”

“No,” George interrupted, his voice clear and almost pleading before he cleared his throat and quietly muttered, “No, it’s fine. I lost the bet. That’s how it works.”

“You sure that’s the only reason,” Dream smirked, listening to the way George tried to stutter out a response, “I think you’re into it. I think you want it.”

“Fuck *off*, Dream,” the shorter boy snapped as I laughed. *He definitely wanted it.*

“Where are we doing this then?”

George let out a confused noise at Sapnap’s question, “Oh no, *no*, there’s *no way* you two are gonna be there.”

“They definitely are,” I murmured as I tapped my fingers against two of the keys of my keyboard, hard enough to make a noise but not quite hard enough to actually click them, “That was one of the

rules you set for if I lost, so it's one of the rules now that you lost.”

“Fuck,” George breathed, “Fine.”

“I say we do it at ours,” Dream suggested, listening to the crack of Sapnap’s knuckles over the call as George let out a disgusted noise at the sound, “More space, plus we got nicer sheets.”

“I wouldn't put out the good ones though,” I smirked as the blonde let out a questioning sound, “I wouldn't want pretty little Georgie to ruin them, huh baby?”

The noise George let out was something between a choke and a smothered moan and I fucking *knew* that it was gonna be stuck in my head until I got to hear his other pretty noises. He was breathing heavily into the mic as we all finished setting everything up, fueling my visions of my hands gripping milky flesh and pressing brown curls into the bedsheets. But I couldn't let myself get too carried away, knowing that I needed to buy a few things before I actually got to fuck the pretty brunette.

George put up with the relentless teasing, his eyes glazed over as I facetimed him while I was shopping for a strapon, telling him to pick a size and he spat venomous words at me that I just quietly laughed off. He eventually decided on a decent size, roughly six inches and a pale beige colour, a bit boring but on brand. I paid for it and made my way home after picking a new bottle of lube and telling George that he was gonna enjoy this way more than he thought he would. Despite the muttered protests, I could tell he agreed, the small smile on his lips as he rolled his eyes and his cheeks flushed were enough to tell me that, and that was before the muttered *‘I trust you to take good care of me boss,’* was laughed through my headphones.

And when I pulled up to their house on Friday, Dream answering the door with a large smirk on his face, I knew this was gonna be *so* damn good.

I watched George shuffle on his feet, standing just in front of the couch indicating that he'd jumped up as soon as he heard me knock at the door. It made my gut bubble in anticipation at the thought that he was that... nervous? Excited?

Either way he clearly wasn't gonna be backing out.

“Mmm, you ready baby?” I murmured, placing my bent knuckle under his chin to tilt his gaze up from the floor to my eyes, smiling while he nodded, “As much as I appreciate the response, I'm

gonna need words.”

George’s face flushed as he chewed on his bottom lip, his breathing laboured and his eyes clouded over with lust, “Yeah, ‘m ready.”

“Good boy,” I whispered, dragging my thumb over his bottom lip with a smile, pulling a small huff from him, “Listen so well.”

I was aware of Sap and Dream, leant against the wall as they watched me work George up, waiting for me to eventually lead him to the bedroom so they could follow. It was amusing, knowing that they were clearly so turned on by the idea of me pegging their best friend, and George was clearly enjoying the company more than he was letting on.

I took the bait.

“Let’s go upstairs, hmm? Get a more comfortable position for our friends to watch me pull you apart,” I whispered into his ear, pulling his face closer to press a kiss just under his ear.

“Yeah, fuck, okay,” George murmured, following behind me as I made my way upstairs to the brunettes room, dropping my bag onto the large bed as I watched him chase me in, followed by the two other men, one of which was carrying their gaming chair as the other just intended to use George’s.

I pushed George back onto the bed, his eyes going wide as I pulled out a travel case from my bag, the strapon and lube dropping down onto the bed as the brunette’s breath caught in his throat, “You sure you’re ready?”

“ *Yes*, fucking yeah.”

Sapnap laughed from the corner and both of our heads turned towards him, watching the younger boy palm himself through his sweats. He looked over George before his gaze locked on the way he was quickly hardening in his shorts, “God, look at how fucking desperate he is.”

It made George whimper and it only solidified in my mind how ready I was to ruin this boy.

I stepped back slightly and looked him up and down, “Take off your shorts and get on your knees.”

He did as I asked, all the while I pulled down my joggers, leaving me in my underwear, and secured the harness on tightly, smirking as George dropped down at my feet.

“Good boy,” I whispered, the way his eyes slipped shut made me smile, “Wanna be even better?” he nodded, his back arching slightly as I chuckled.

“Suck.”

And he didn't even hesitate, leaning forward immediately to press his lips to the head while looking up at me. It was almost funny, the way he was so pliant and easy. So obedient in his almost braindead state.

“Does pineapple sound like a good safeword?” I questioned as I ran my fingers through his hair slowly, egging him on as he pressed slow and gentle kisses up and down the length.

“Mhmm,” He hummed into the plastic, looking up to see if it felt good before remembering that I couldn't feel it and he almost looked disappointed.

“Good. We're using it,” I muttered, pulling on his hair lightly as he licked at the head slowly.

He was going slowly, testing the waters as he spread his saliva over the smooth surface. It was almost sweet, the way he breathed heavily and pulled back from his pathetic suckling at the head to press kisses to my bare hip.

He moved back and without warning I pushed him down roughly, wallowing in the wet gagging noise it pulled from the brunette's throat and watching his eyes water as he pulled back, “Too much?” I questioned with a small smile before he shook his head.

“No, more, *please* mommy.”

Immediately realizing what had just come out of his mouth, he immediately snapped his lips shut.

“What did you just call them?” Dream asked, his voice laced with disbelief, his cock pulled out of his sweats now, Sapnap doing the same.

“Fuck, ‘m sorry,” He breathed looking down at the floor, “I’ll shut up, please just ignore me.”

“George,” I said sternly, his eyes meeting my own at the sound of my tone, “What did you just call me?”

The question wasn’t optional, he had to answer and he knew it.

“Called you mommy,” He breathed, his eyes filling slightly with tears as my hand caught his jaw and tilted his head up roughly.

“Want me to be your mommy?” I asked, watching him whine out softly, “Want me to make you choke on my cock, huh?”

He nodded as best he could with the tight grip I had on his jaw, “Yeah,” he managed to strain out.

I dropped the hand from his jaw and laced it back into his hair, using the other to wrap around the base of the strap and tap it against his open mouth. His lips were perfect, I thought to myself, all red and slick with spit. I couldn't help but think about how much I wanted to watch them swell around the plastic cock.

“Ready?”

“Very.”

And with that I thrust in, watching the way his face screwed up with a gag as I positioned myself in the back of his throat.

“Look at him,” Sapnap laughed cruelly, pumping his cock harshly as tears slowly began to fall down George’s cheeks, “He’s so fucking pathetic.”

“I know,” Dream replied, twisting his fist to run his palm over the head of his cock quickly before going back to wrapping his hand around the shaft, “Fucking slobbering over a fake cock. He needs it so bad.”

“And did you hear what he called them?” The shorter brunette asked, eyes meeting George’s as he whimpered around the plastic that I was quickly fucking in and out of his throat, “Fuckin’ *mommy*? God hes such a slut.”

And that pulled a visceral reaction from George, his pupils widening as his hips bucked up into the air. A throaty moan was pulled from him too, muffled, but still there nonetheless.

“Oh, you like that?” I murmured, pulling out slowly before harshly thrusting back into his throat, “Like being our pretty slut?”

His whimpering increased tenfold as his spit slid down his chin, mixing with the tears that had also gathered there. It clearly hurt, the way I was fucking his his throat raw as he sobbed around the plastic. He looked fucking pathetic. It was gorgeous.

“Oh, look,” I muttered, letting my hand trail down his jaw to tap his chin upwards, George struggled with the angle as the plastic was still thrusting in and out of his mouth, slowly now, and I tapped at the column of his throat with my knuckle, “Look at this.”

Sapnap and Dream, the pair still sat at the side of the room, let their eyes follow my hands, the youngest boy’s hips bucking up into his fist at the sight and the blonde letting out a deafening moan.

I could feel it.

His throat was bulging every time I pushed in and it was addictive, his eyes squeezing shut as I pressed down on the skin. He was sobbing now, his hands gripping at my thighs roughly to pull the plastic back into his throat and it was making me laugh.

“Look, baby, I’m making your throat bulge,” I murmured, the hand that wasnt sliding over the skin trailed up to lock back into his hair and tug slightly, “Can’t wait to fuck you.”

“Fuck,” Dream breathed as he he listened to George’s cries, “Just fuck him already.”

“You’re not in charge here,” Sapnap muttered, his voice strained as he slowed his fist, not wanting to cum too soon, “They are.”

I chuckled quietly at the desperation in Sapnap’s voice, the way his bottom lip was red raw and chewed almost to bleed as he let out heavy breaths. It made my gut curl as I pulled out of George's mouth.

The way the brunette heaved for air, his mouth staying open as his eyes traced over my face. He leaned forward, chasing the stapon as his tongue dropped out to help his lips wrap back around the head.

I laughed, pulling his head back again by his hair, “God, you're so fucking desperate.”

“I just...” He sobbed, his brain struggling to come up with reasoning as he slipped into subspace, “Need it. Like how it makes me feel.”

“God he's a slut. Look at how desperate he is,” Dream laughed, sitting forward in his chair as he ran his thumb over the tip of his cock, “Practically rutting up against your leg. You want it Georgie? Want them to fuck you?”

“Please, fuck, *please* mommy,” he whined, moving to grind his hips up into his palm.

“Did I say you could touch, George?” I asked, my voice stern and my eyes daring, smiling when he pulled away instantly, “Good boy. You ready?”

He nodded quickly, the sight almost comical as he scrambled up from the floor, climbing up the bed until he was led face down with his ass in the air, “Yeah, ‘m ready.”

“God you're pathetic,” I laughed, walking forward slightly to place a hand gently on his lower back, “so fucking pretty for me. Look so good when you're all needy.”

He pushed his face further into the blankets and cried, the sound making me smile.

He looked almost golden, the light sheen of sweat on his skin as the sun shone across his back from the crack in the curtains painted him in honey and, judging by the way the two boys on the other side of the room were trying to cover their moans as they practically edged themselves at the sight, they thought so too.

It was good. He was just so gorgeous, the quiet begs lost in the mass of the duvet and pillows that he was pushing his face further into, the way he arched his back to push his ass up to gain my attention, the way his cock was almost painfully hard between his legs, the red colour turning almost purple with need.

“He’s shaking so bad,” Sapnap managed to get out, the end of the sentence pitched up with a moan, “Begging you to fuck him.”

And he was right.

“Is that it, baby?” I asked quietly, trailing the hand on his lower back up his spine and dragging my fingers back down, using my nails to gently graze the skin, “Want mommy to fuck you?”

“God, *please* mommy,” he dropped down so his chest was pressed against the bed, the arch of his back looking almost painful, “Need you.”

“Fuck, how did you even learn to bend like that, holy shit,” Dream grunted, his eyes trailing over George’s form and locking on the way his spine was bent.

He turned his head to the side, looking Dream directly in the eyes before he let a teasing smile fall over his lips, “I bet you wanna know, hmm? You jealous bitc- *ow!* ”

I cut him off with a harsh slap to the ass, immediately watching his head fall back into the mattress with a pained cry, “That’s no way to speak to our guests, George,” I scolded, smoothing a hand over the red skin from where I’d just slapped, “Apologize.”

“Fuck, ‘m sorry Dream,” he whimpered, pushing his ass back into my hand before I hit it again, feeling him pull away slightly and hearing a small whimper.

“Good?” I asked softly, the change in my tone of voice startling even myself.

“Yeah, fuck, really good.”

I leant down to pick up the lube from where it had fallen off of the bed before moving back behind him, “I think, after I'm done with you, I'll let Sap and Dream have a go with you too, hmm?” The way his skin was practically buzzing at the words gave me an idea of his answer but he choked out ‘*god, please*’ only confirmed it. “Let them fill you up, hmm? Watch the pretty cum leak out of you when they're done?”

And George whined at that, because of course he did, but it was almost unnoticeable as it was drowned out by the deafening moan that Dream let out at the idea.

“I think someone likes that, huh?”

He at least had the decency to blush a deep red but the hand on his cock was still moving rapidly, Sappnap doing the same as he huffed out cut off breaths. “He's just... *Fuck*, he's pretty.”

“He is,” I mumbled, tracing a lubed-up digit over his hole as he breathed out loudly and pressed back against it. He was desperate and needy and it was *hot*.

As I pushed in the first finger, he moaned and clenched around it. After less than ten seconds he began pushing back against it and immediately a thought popped into my head.

“You've don't this before, haven't you,” I smirked, watching his body freeze up as Dream as Sappnap both sat forwards in their chairs, interests suddenly peaked, “bet you lie in bed just like this and fuck yourself back on your fingers while you try and stay quiet because you know the boys are in the two rooms next door, hmm?”

He didn't say anything, instead opting to begin trying to fuck himself back onto my finger with a whine until I pulled it out completely.

“I believe your mommy asked you a question,” Sappnap snarked, pushing his hair back out of his face with a dangerous smile, “You gonna answer them, pretty boy?”

"Yeah," he cried as I traced his hole once again with my finger, pushing in as soon as the word left his lips, "All the time. Sometimes 'm loud just to see if they notice 'n come and find me." He was crying again now, barely being touched but still somehow fucked out beyond belief. "Never have though, never came to check on me but I do it anyway. Fuck myself on four of my fingers 'n it's never enough."

He couldn't control his tongue, words spilling from his mouth without care as I curled my finger and pushed a second against the rim. I let my eyes fall on the two other men, both with jaws dropped open as Sapnap had to quite literally tear his hand away from his dick to stop himself from cumming at just the admission.

"Holy fuck," Dream whispered, squeezing a hand around the base of his dick and grunting quietly, "George, that's so fucking hot."

I pressed in my second finger and watched the brunette's head drop back down into the sheets. He was choking out moans and desperately trying to stop himself from touching his dick because he *knew* I'd told him not too.

"Being so good for me Georgie," I whispered, scissoring my fingers inside of him to stretch him out further, "Want another finger?"

"Fuck, *please* mommy, another."

He was irresistibly desperate and I couldn't hold out when he begged so prettily. I pushed in a third finger and was rewarded with the *scream* that tore through his throat.

He was stretched enough, loose around my three fingers and crying for my cock, but god, I still wanted to watch him beg.

"Tell me you want it," I spat, threading a hand into his hair and pulling his head back till his face was off of the mattress and his moans came unmuffled, "Tell me how bad you want me to fuck you."

George couldn't breathe, his mind felt foggy and his eyes were rolling back as I hit his spot with my fingers and he tried so hard to keep himself together but his words began to spew out at an uncontrollable rate, "god, mommy, you're so good 'n I want it so bad. fingers aren't enough and I need it. Fuck me, please? Fuck, please, mommy."

“Okay baby. You want it? Want me to fuck you and make you my good boy?”

“Please!”

I laughed, manhandling his body till I had it in the position I needed, the same dangerous arch to his back and his ass still on display. Only now he was facing Dream and Sapnap, the pair drooling at the sight of George with his ass in the air as I pulled his head back to reveal his fucked out face once again.

“Fuck, Georgie, you look like a slut,” Dream moaned, spitting into his hand to wrap it back around his cock. Dream was losing his cool very quickly and it was clear he was gonna cum more than once because he was *close* .

As I lubed up the strap, I listened to the quiet noises George let out while watching his body shake. The painful position he was in essentially presented himself to me, pushing back as I pressed the tip against his hole.

"Want it, George?" I smirked, And Dream was right. George's pupils were blown, dark brown being swallowed by black as his spit-slick and red-raw lips fell open. His tongue lolled out as he moaned, spreading drool carelessly down his chin.

I slicked up the strap, Dream and Sapnap staring intently at the scene in front of them as I pressed it against his hole, his back somehow managing to arch further as his eyes flicked between the two boys opposite him.

“God he looks so good,” Dream breathed, eyes locked onto the way George's leaking dick was now visible between his legs from the way I pulled him up by his hair.

I smiled and pressed a kiss to his shoulder before I began to push in.

The noises that escaped him were otherworldly. It wasn't what I'd thought it'd be, his head still held up by the hand I had locked into his hair making his face visible and his moans louder

Although moaning was a rather light way of putting it because if he was honest, George was

screaming. He was sobbing out begs for more, for harder as his thighs shook and he winced as I tugged on his hair. It was hot, so very hot, the way he was so desperate, so needy, and it made me push harder.

“Fuck, I'm gonna cum,” Sapnap spat as his hips bucked up into his hands and I just smiled.

“You gonna ask for permission?” I questioned smugly, my hips still as I waited for George to fully adjust, “Good boys ask for permission, Sap.”

“God, *please*, fuck, I need it so bad,” he whined, his cock twitching as I chuckled and he looked almost pained.

“What's my name, baby?”

“Mommy, fuck, please mommy,” the words were desperate now, his dick a harsh scarlet and tears forming in his eyes.

“You can cum but you need to get hard again to fuck George after me,” I shrugged, the uncaring tone making his moan louder as George ground his hips backwards. He was getting off on being practically ignored after I turned my attention back onto Sapnap, watching as he came into his fist with a pathetic cry.

It was amusing, the way that George had such a visceral reaction to Sapnap's orgasm, the way he pushed back quickly and began fucking himself onto the toy, “Want me to fuck you, Georgie? Want my cock?”

“So bad mommy, I'm so hard and I need it *please*,” he cried, and I could tell by the way that Sapnap and Dream had that deliciously invested look on their face that George was crying again, fat tears sliding down his face with a cry as he slammed his hips back.

“M'kay baby,” I chuckled and let go of his hair, making the front half of his body drop down roughly with another sob, “Fucking pathetic.”

And with that I started thrusting properly, my hands gliding over his skin as he did that mouthwatering arch all over again. It still looked painful but given the way he was moaning desperately and meeting my thrusts, he was clearly enjoying himself.

“God, you look so good, baby,” Dream breathed as he ran a thumb over the tip of his cock, “So fucking desperate.”

George keened under the praise, the noise escaping amongst the needy sounds he made. He loved it, made him feel like he was floating and the promise of more made him want to be better.

“God,” Sapnap heaved as his cock twitched, trying relentlessly to harden after the recent orgasm, “You're doing such a good job. You're so sensitive.”

He knew it was true, he'd always been sensitive when it came to his own pleasure, the sharp shooting pleasure that he got from pumping his cock and thumbing at his tip and the warm, satisfying aching pleasure he got from being full.

And then there were his nipples which he, of course, was pinching at roughly to pull out quiet grunts which mixed in perfectly with the high whimpers. Dream noticed and immediately pointed it out, laughing at the way George attempted to shove his head further into the duvet as heard the sound.

“Look at him, dude,” Dream chuckled, aiming his statement before meeting my eyes and seeing he stern look I was shooting him, “What?”

“That's...” Sapnap began, his voice shaky as he moved his hand and a blush coated his cheeks while he clarified, “That's not what you're supposed to call them...”

Dream's eyes widened before his gaze flicked back to me from where it had made its way to Sapnap, “I am not fucking calling you that.”

“That's fine, you're clearly not that interested in being able to cum tonight,” I hummed, seeing the panic rise in his face, “Or being able to see George to cum.” I slowed my rhythm as I said the last part, smiling at the pained noise that escaped from between George's lips at the lack of stimulation.

“Oh my fuck, Dream fucking *please* it *hurts* . I need it so bad please just say it, I cant-” He choked out a sob as he desperately tried to grind back onto the stap before I grabbed at his hips to stop him, “I cant fucking *breathe* .”

“Look at him Dream,” I chuckled as I let one of my hands trail up his spine to push down between the brunette’s shoulder blades, drawing a teary beg from where his face was hidden in the sheets, “You really wanna deprive him?”

“I am not calling you that,” Dream repeated stubbornly, although this time his tone was weaker, less confident and clearly thinking about wanting to give in.

“Sorry baby,” I murmured as I slowly began to pull out, “Guess Dream doesn’t think you deserve it.”

George let out a full body wail at the feeling of being empty, his cock looking painfully red as it twitched from where it was hanging between his spread legs. His hands pulled at the sheets with white-knuckled grip as he screamed out in frustration.

“God, Dream you selfish cunt, I fucking can’t do this,” His voice was unsteady and cracked multiple times as another frustrated cry escaped when I traced a single finger over his hole, “Just say it, please. I want- I cant- *fuck*- just *please*. ”

And I watched as the blonde caved, watched his eyes moved back to mine with something indiscernible in them as he chewed on his bottom lip and his hand began to move faster over his cock, whispering out a quiet “*Mommy*.”

“What was that, baby?” I hummed, pushing back into George slowly as the brunette began to spill babbled gratitude, “Wanna speak up for mommy?”

“Sorry mommy,” He said, his voice slightly louder but his face much redder than before and i just smiled and picked up the pace of my thrusts into the boy beneath me.

“Good boy,” I smiled and watched as his cock twitched the praise before our attention was brought back to George.

“Mommy ‘s so good. thank you, fuck, thank you so much,” He was shaking, his whole body jolting as i hit his prostate and he lost all coherency and just let sounds spill past his lips.

“You okay Sap?” I asked as I saw him, fully hard now, and he nodded with wide eyes, “Got nothing to say puppy?”

His eyes widened at the nickname and he flushed, looking down to his lap only to be reminded of his leaking cock and his head snapping back up, “No mommy, ‘m sorry. Just watching. You ‘n Georgie look pretty.”

I was taken aback slightly as he let the honorific slip past his lips so easily and with little to no regret. He was polite and fell into the submissive role far easier than I’d thought he would, but it suited him, his face soft and his lips smiling in a polite, almost reserved fashion and it made me smile.

“I wanna cum,” George heaved out, his body still shaking steadily as he squeezed his eyes shut and pushed back harshly.

“Fucking beg,” I smirked, laughing at his whine.

“God, mommy, I fucking need it. I wanna cum so bad it hurts and I-” he choked back a sob, “I just wanna cum for you, wanna be your good boy.”

“Mmmm, maybe you should ask the boys too,” I hummed, watching the two of them immediately sit forward and fluster as George directed his pleas towards them.

“Fucking please, I’ll be so good for you ‘n let you fuck me. Both of you, too, I’ll do whatever you want, I promise, I just, I need to cum it fucking *hurts*. ”

“Yeah,” Sapnap breathed as Dream nodded, “Cum for us baby.”

George let out a questioning noise aimed towards me and as soon as I hummed in affirmation his entire body seized up, jolting forward as he came untouched. It was fucking gorgeous, watching him orgasm as he spasmed and let out loud cries for his “*mommy*” .

I pulled out and smiled at the whimper he made. “It’s okay, baby. I think Dream is up next.”

George whimpered prettily again at the promise of being full as Sapnap just grumbled about having to wait, Dream standing up on shaky legs as he took my place on the bed and I fell into the chair next to Sapnap. I ran my fingers down his arm slowly and revelled in the shiver that coursed through him, continuing down till I reached the head of his cock and traced the slit with the pad of my finger slowly. He bit his lip in a way that looked far too painful but I just laughed, my head flicking to the pair on the bed as I unclipped the strap from around my hips and George watched as I pulled it off completely.

“Mommy?” he moaned as Dream pushed three fingers in immediately, the questioning tone entirely overrun by the desperation.

“Yes, baby?” I replied, still teasing the head of Sapnap’s cock.

“I- *fuck*- I want it in my mouth,” he pleaded as Dream’s fingers pulled out and he lubed up his cock with the bottle that had made its way up the bed.

“You wanna cockwarm the strap?” Sapnap asked breathlessly, a chuckle attempting to escape before it was cut off with a moan.

“Yeah, please,” he sounded desperate and he probably was, so I let him, standing up to tap the plastic against his lips as he stuck out his tongue and took it into his mouth.

“Mommy, I can’t fucking wait, please,” Sapnap grunted as he looked down at his cock pathetically. He looked helpless, like he didn't know what to do with himself or how to make it better, “I need... Can I fuck you? Or can you ride me? I’ll fuck George another time I promise but I need it. It *hurts*. ”

“Want me to ride you?” I smirked, watching as he cried out when I squeezed him lightly, “You wanna feel good, puppy?”

He whimpered and nodded, his fingers wrapping around my wrist and bucking up before I just pulled my hand off and laughed.

“You okay with that, Georgie?” I asked, looking over at the older boy who was clearly way past paying attention as he drooled around the strap that he’d lodged in his throat and let his eyes roll back harshly and gurgle when Dream started fucking him harder.

He let out some incomprehensible noise as he gagged roughly, which only prompted him to try and take it deeper.

“Looks like it's your lucky day, puppy,” I smiled as I moved to straddle his waste. It was cute, the way he desperately tried to kiss my jaw, but he cried out softly as I stood back up to pull off my underwear.

I shuffled back to my previous position as I let myself relax, laughing at the way Sapnap tensed beneath me as I grinded down against him.

“C- *fuck*, condom,” He whimpered but I nearly shook my head.

“I got the implant and I'm clean,” I breathed as his hand moved to squeeze my thighs as I felt my breath hitch, “You clean?”

“Yeah, fuck, yes definitely,” Sapnap sighed as I brushed his hair from his face. It had been getting longer recently and he looked beautiful.

“You want me, puppy?” I whispered as I pressed a kiss to the skin just below his ear, “Wanna fuck me raw, huh? Wanna breed me?”

“Oh, fuck, *please* mommy,” He cried as both our heads flicked over to the pair on the bed on the bed as George let out a choked scream and Dream laughed cruelly. The blonde was pushing his head down onto the strap as he hit his prostate.

Sapnap's breath caught in his throat as I lifted myself up slightly, moving to press the head of his cock against my hole with one hand and cupping his cheek with the other, “Ready?”

And as soon as the hastily whimpered ‘yes’ escaped his lips, I began to press down. He was big, not that I didn't already know that, but he felt so much bigger stuffed inside me as his toes curled and he tried to bite back a sob.

I bottomed out and could feel my thighs shaking as he filled me up. He felt good, so fucking good and I struggled to hold back a cry of my own at the stretch.

He pleaded for me to move but I ignored him, turning my attention back to the boys on the bed. George was still choking on the plastic cock, although this time it was of his own free will as both of Dream's hands were now roughly gripping his hips, fingertips pressing into the bruises I'd made there with my own.

"You're such a whore, George," I laughed breathlessly, the sound strained but still present as I moved Sapnap's hands from my thighs to my hips as I started bouncing slowly, urging him to help me with my movements, "You're so desperate and loud. You fucking love- *fuck*- you fucking love it."

"*Mhhmm, fuck, love it mommy- ah, oh my fuck!*" George cried as Dream started moving faster.

I turned my head back towards Sapnap as he cried out, letting one of his hands move inwards to thumb softly at my clit and dragging a moan from between my lips.

"God, you're such a good puppy. Make mommy feel so good."

His eyes rolled back as he moved his thumb faster, making me clench around him as he whimpered, "Momma, fuck, you're so fucking *tight*, so pretty and good and- *fuck*."

Tears welled up in his eyes as I moved faster, spurred on by the pretty whimpers he let out and the way his hips fucked up as the knot in my stomach tightened. I was getting *so close so quickly* and if I couldn't tell that he was definitely in the same position I might have been embarrassed.

"Come on, mutt, fuck me full," I moaned as he hit that spot inside me that made me want to cry and he responded with a whimper.

"Wanna- fuck- wanna breed you mommy. Wanna fuck you full and make you feel good, momma," He sobbed, his hips bucking at an uneven pace as his words jumbled, "I'm so fucking close, can I cum *please*."

"What's my name?" I breathed as I teetered on the edge, needing him to cum before me.

"Mommy, momma, fuck please mommy."

“Cum for me puppy,” I sighed as he did, fucking up quicky a few more times before he let go and he came, fucking it deeper inside me as he relished I the praise I sent him, “So good, baby. God-*fuck*- you’re so good, so deep. Make me feel so good, fuck I’m *cumming*!”

“Thank you, mommy, *fuck*, thank you, thank you so much,” He sobbed as his head dropped down onto my shoulder and his eyes fell shut, tears still streaming.

His dick twitched inside of me as I tightened again, still riding out the shock waves of my orgasm as I felt his breath slowly start to even out. I pulled off of him and prepared to get up to drop down into the other chair but before I could fully stand he pulled me back down onto his lap, careful to avoid his sensitive cock and he muttered. “No, need ‘t cuddle.”

I just smiled and complied. Who was I to refuse?

We were brought out of our post-orgasm bliss by a loud beg as Dream yelled over to me.

“Fuck, can I cum? Please? I need it so fucking bad,” he hissed, continuing his rough pace as George twitched in a way that looked almost painful as he sobbed out harshly.

“Has George?”

“Yeah,” He breathed, “Twice.”

My eyebrows raised as I looked at the smaller brunette who’s cock looked almost purple as it jolted almost pathetically against his stomach, “Why didn’t you ask?” I questioned him as he pulled up off of the strap.

“Tr-*fuck*, tried to but you were busy,” He cried as he looked up at me, his eyes were ringed red and his face was wet with spit and tears.

“You wanna cum again?”

“Cant,” He cried as his arms shook from where he was trying to keep himself up, “Im-*fuck*- I’m fucking empty, I can’t, I’m sorry.”

“Shhh, it's okay baby, it's okay,” I reassured as I moved away from Sapnap, much to his protest, to sit on the bed next to George and stroke his hair softly, “Dream, you can cum.”

The blonde let out a pleased noise as his hips stuttered and he came inside of George, the smaller boy's eyes rolling back as he cried out again, his cock twitching pathetically as he came dry. It looked painful and uncomfortable but as Dream pulled out George let out a sad noise.

i moved to the bathroom quickly, wetting a cloth with warm water and bringing it back to the room to clean off George and myself, making sure to comfort him and apologise as I cleaned his sensitive hole and accidentally brushed over his cock, making Dream pick him up with shaky legs as we moved to Sapnap's room.

I helped him into some clothes that I pulled from Sapnap's drawer before tugging on something too, Sapnap doing the same and Dream disappearing for a moment, presumably to get clothes that would actually fit him while whispered affections were shared between us all.

I swore to help change his sheets and told him we'd all bathe in the morning as we cuddled down together in the overly large bed.

“Was it good?” I asked, letting the thumb on his cheek smooth over the skin comfortingly as Dream's arms tightened around his waist and Sapnap's head appeared over my shoulder, hooking his chin over it.

“So fucking good,” He hiccuped, as he still struggled to calm down, “I know you said i'd like it but fuck, I literally cannot feel my entire bottom half. I think you two broke my dick.”

Sapnap pouted as me and Dream laughed, “I'm still disappointed that I didn't get a go.”

“I'm not a toy, Sap. you don't just *‘get a go’*,” George huffed as I raised my eyebrow at him.

“You sure seem to enjoy being used like one,” I snarked as the older boy flushed and bowed his head.

“Whatever, I'm still disappointed,” Sapnap huffed and Dream just smirked.

“Yeah, he feels good as fuck.”

“Gimme like three days because I’m pretty sure my dick is broken until then,” The brunette laughed, letting out a breath as Dream sucked a mark into his neck, “Fuck *off*, oh my god.”

“Oh so we get to do this again?” I asked, the question genuine as the other two looked at George with curiosity.

“God, if you plan on never giving me that again I will be so pissed off so yes, I goddamn hope so,” George chuckled tiredly, yawning as his eyes drooped.

“We’ll talk about this in the morning, baby. You need sleep, but yes. I think we’re all very much down,” I murmured, already hearing Sapnap’s quiet snores from where he breathed against my neck.

“Night, mommy,” He whispered as he dozed off.

I chuckled before looking up at Dream, his eyes already tracing my face with a dopey smile, “You like him don’t you?”

“I like all of you,” The blonde mumbled as his hand smoothed over the skin of George's waist, “A lot.”

I felt something swell in my chest at the whispered words and let myself wallow in hope, “We’ll talk about it with them in the morning but yeah,” I smiled, “Me too.”

He nodded slightly as his eyes fell closed, pressing his nose into George's hair and letting himself drift off.

Sapnap squeezed me tighter in his sleep-altered state and George mumbled something incomprehensible between his hushed breaths and yeah... this was good.

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